THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

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For The Child's Paper.

"How do you do, Mr. and Mrs. Eagle?" says little Bessie.

"Kiah, kiah! kraw, kraw!" That is eagle talk. What does it mean? I can't tell.

The eagle is one of our largest birds. It measures full a yard long, and two yards across from the tip of one wing to the other. It flies the highest, sees the farthest, and lives the longest of any bird. It has been known to live one hundred years. A pretty old bird that; don't you think so?

Mr. and Mrs. Eagle, like a good husband and wife, are fond of each other's company. Besides taking care of their little family, they hunt together, fish together, and are never found going off with other birds. They live quite by themselves, building their nests among high rocks or lofty trees. The nests are made of sticks, turf, weeds, and moss, not as snug as the robin's, or cosey as the sparrow's, or as safe from the storm as bluebird's. It is very large, as of course it must be to accommodate a mother eagle and her two big eggs.

Eagles like fish to eat, and I am sorry to say they often steal it from that famous fisherman the fish-hawk. Perched high on a rock, on the lookout for a good breakfast, an eagle spies a hawk dive into the water and bring up a nice large fat fish. Down flies the eagle. The poor hawk sees it coming, and knows pretty well what that means. So it drops the fish in a hurry, and is off. The eagle catches or clutches its prey in its hooked claws, and carries it in triumph home. Is that fair? Dr. Franklin did not think so when he wrote, "For my part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character. He does not get his living honestly. With all his injustice he is never in good case, but like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor."

Now let us hear what Mr. Audubon says, who, you know, made birds his study. He found a fine eagle on the Mississippi river, and what do you think he called it? "The bird of Washington;" for, said he, "Washington was brave, so is the eagle; like it too, he was the terror of his foes; and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the majestic soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribes. If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so has she to be proud of her great bird."

The eagle is called great; but greatness loses our respect when it is not joined with honesty and justice. We must all try to make our *national eagle* the emblem of all that is good, because there can be no true greatness without goodness.

For The Child's Paper.

WHY PEOPLE LOVED MARY.

Dr. Doddridge had a sweet, lovely daughter, who was a great favorite with everybody who visited her father's house. One day a gentleman who was there said to her, "Mary, my dear child, tell me what it is that makes everybody love you so."

"Indeed, sir," said Mary, "I do n't know, unless it is because *I love everybody.*'

Love, you see, begets love. And this is the way Jesus teaches us to love God; he proves that God loves us. "God," he says, "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." You will find his very words in the third chapter of St. John.

Jesus came down from heaven to prove that God loves us. When he was born a feeble infant and laid in the manger; when he lived a life of poverty and suffering; when he was taken by wicked men and mocked and scourged and crowned with thorns and nailed on the cruel cross, and when he died and was laid in the grave, he was all the time proving how much God loved us. And this is the reason why preaching the gospel to people, and telling them about Jesus, leads them to love God when nothing else will.

Oh, it is sweet to feel that God loves us. And will not his love make us sorry to do wrong, and strive above all things else to please him?

For The Child's Paper.

One day our little Bessie ran into the room and found another little girl on her father's knee. She stopped a moment and looked, then turned right round and ran out again. "Come, Bessie," said papa. "*No*, papa," answered Bessie in a proud and angry tone. Bessie went up into a corner of the entry, and put her little face in her hands. Oh, was she going to *cry*, and be naughty?

Pretty soon we heard her little feet trotting back, back to her dear father's side. "One knee for Bessie, and one knee for that little girl," said she. "God gave papa two knees for two little girls, and I will let her and I will love her."

Angry feeling *almost* got Bessie; but she fought against it, and she asked the Lord Jesus to help her. Bessie tried, and Jesus helped her. So, you see, angry feeling, with all its selfishness, had to go away, and Bessie was a happy little girl, sharing her dear papa's lap with Lucy. Indeed she made all three happy—herself, papa, and Lucy.

I wish all little children would fight against ugly feelings just so. How pleasant it would be.

WORK AND PLAY.

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless
Trifled away;
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

NO PAINS, NO GAINS.

"Put the young horse in plough," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the grey mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

"Where are we going now?" he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning round to the old grey mare.

"Keep on," said the grey mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you 'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

"How long *will* this go on?" he asked, turning to the grey mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you 'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your ploughing, I hope I shall have no more of it." But his hopes were vain; for many days he ploughed, till he got, not reconciled to it, but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin as he was eating some delicious oats, "I say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing. Do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have any thing to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It 's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious," said the young horse.

"Then please to remember, if there were no ploughing, there would be no oats."

JESUS A LITTLE CHILD.

When Jesus was a little child, he was gentle and lowly in heart. He never spoke a cross, sharp, or evil word, nor did an unkind action, or gave way to an angry or sullen temper. Pray that he will send his Holy Spirit to make you like him. Seek for grace to be of as quiet and humble a mind.

For The Child's Paper.

THE NEW COW.

Her mother said something: Lucy jumped up and capered round the room like a dancing-jack. You cannot guess what her mother said to set Lucy going so. She said, "Lucy, your father has bought a cow." Jasper and Lucy had long teased for a cow. No, not teased; they knew better than to tease. They wished their father would have a cow. They had picked out a name for one: Crummy. As soon as Jasper came home, Lucy ran to tell him the news. "I know it," said Jasper. "Have you known it a great while?" asked Lucy, a little disappointed. "No," said Jasper; "father just told me." "Wont it be delicious?" cried Lucy, again clapping her hands. Delicious was rather a grand word to use on the occasion. But no matter; the children were as glad as could be, and they took their own ways to say so. Jasper and Lucy had often talked over a cow. Jasper had offered to take the whole care of one; and Lucy was sure she could milk. Father smiled at that, for he thought those little dimpled hands were not quite big or strong enough to draw milk from mother cow's bag. But it showed Lucy was willing to do her part, and that is a good sign.

After dinner father and Jasper went into the wood-house, which was a pretty large building, to fix a place for Crummy; but then it was sweet spring time, and Crummy would not want much of a place till cold weather. However, they must see what accommodations she had in prospect. Lucy went too. Abe followed. Abe, you know, is the dog they fished out of the pond. Abe wondered what was in the wind. I am pretty sure he knew somebody was coming. Well, the next day, when the children came home from school, there was a pair of horns in the yard. "She 's here," cried Lucy, opening the gate. The cow was looking straight at the gate, and she stepped quickly back. "What 's the matter, Lucy?" cried Jasper. "She looks wild at me," said Lucy. "Wild!" cried Jasper; "just as if father would buy a wild cow: girls are always scared." That hurt Lucy's feelings a little; but she did not answer back. Jasper marched directly into the yard. The cow looked sharp at him. "Oh," cried Lucy, peeping in at the gate, "she 'll hook you, Jasper." "No," said Jasper, "she only feels she is in a strange place, and wants to know people. She has come from a great yard full of cows she 's acquainted with, and of course she 's lonesome. Moolly, Moolly," said Jasper, going up and patting her sides, "you are our cow now."

"Call her Crummy," said Lucy, "so she 'll know, and not be puzzled." Jasper patted the cow, and spoke kindly, which she seemed to understand, for when he moved away she gave a loud moo.

Lucy had got into the yard, but at that she stepped quickly back again. "What does she say, Jasper?" asked Lucy, trembling a very little.

"Perhaps she is asking for a drink of water or a mouthful of fresh grass," said Jasper. "She has come a long way, and is tired, I dare say." "Oh yes," said Lucy, "and I will run and fetch her some grass to make a cud of."

At that moment who should walk into the yard but Abe. "A cow in our yard!" thought Abe; "she must be marched off in a trice;" and directly he set up a terrible barking. "Out, out, out!" he said as plain as bark could say; "out, out, out!" Poor Crummy did not relish that. To be a stranger was trying enough, but to be treated as a vagabond was more than good temper could bear; so she shook her head at Abe with great spirit, and showed him her horns. "Go away; be off, Abe," cried Jasper. "Call the dog out, Lucy." Just then mother came out. "Abe," said mother, "come here." Abe walked up to the door growling, with one eye on the cow and the other on his mistress. "Abe, good dog," she said, patting his head, "that is our cow; it is *your* cow; you must take care of her;" and then marched slowly towards the cow, talking kindly as she went. Abe saw her pat the cow as she patted him, and that, I am pretty sure, convinced him that he was all in the wrong, for he sat down on his haunches and slowly wagged his tail, saying as well as a dog could say, "I see, mistress, I see; she 's not what I took her to be;" and so she and Crummy were introduced, and became in time good friends.

Lucy now brought a bundle of fresh grass, which Crummy snuffed. "Give it to her, Lucy," said Jasper.

"You, Jasper," said Lucy; "she 's got such a big mouth."

I must leave them feeding Crummy, and tell you another time about the children and their pint of milk.

For The Child's Paper.

A LITTLE GIRL'S BASKET OF CLOTHES.

The other day a little girl went by with a great basket of clothes. I suppose she was a poor washerwoman's little girl. She looked pale, and so tired. It was too heavy for her, and as people hurried past, I was almost afraid they would knock her down.

Pretty soon a finely-dressed boy came along with a willow bough in his hand, which he was switching to and fro, quite careless where it hit. I trembled for the poor child. He will hit her, I thought, and hurt her.

Coming abreast of her, he saw what a heavy load she had to carry. "Let me help you, sissy," he said kindly; "I am stronger than you." He took hold of her basket and walked by her side till they were out of sight. There was a great contrast between the strong, handsome boy, and the poor feeble little girl, and pride might have said, "How it *looks* to see *me* help carrying her basket." It *did* look: it looked noble; it looked friendly. It looked as if the boy knew that he had come into a world where we must help one another. The strong must help the weak, the rich must help the poor. In a thousand ways we must help each

other over the rough places of life. We all need help. We were not made to go through this world alone, caring for nobody but ourselves. God has set us the example; for, think how he helps us. How should we ever keep in the right way, or even *find* it; how should we ever find any hope or comfort; how should we ever get salvation, if God let us alone? No, he helps us. Oh how much happier and easier is life where there is a spirit of helping.

The washerwoman's little girl, I know, was comforted all day by the strong boy's help; and she never thinks of it without being glad; and he, I am sure, will never be sorry for it.

For The Child's Paper.

Mr. Barker brought home a little visitor, George Martin. Sarah was much pleased. She had a swing and picture books and a babyhouse to show him. "Here, Sarah," said her father, "is five cents to buy you and George something, if you walk out."

In the afternoon the children did go out. Sarah wanted to show George round; and they stopped at an old man's stall to buy something. "I will have that big orange," said the little girl.

"Three cents," said the man, "and the little ones are two." Sarah bought a big orange and a little one. She took one in each hand, and looked first at one and then the other. George looked too. Would it have been right for Sarah to say, "Choose, George; which orange will you have?" No, because if George had been polite and generous, he would have taken the smallest, and left the biggest to her. George was a visitor, and she should have immediately offered the largest one to him. Did she? No, she gave him the *smallest*. What do you think of Sarah's conduct?

For The Child's Paper.

THE OLD MILLER.

There was a little stream which ran through the forest year after year, for I cannot tell how many years, with nothing to do but bubble and gurgle, and splash and dash, and run along just as it had a mind to.

By and by a miller stopped it, and put it to work in his mill. Who can tell how many bushels of corn and sacks of wheat it ground to make bread for the families far and near? Sometimes it could hardly work fast enough; but it worked steadily, so steadily that wise men began to say, "Here is water power enough to turn a cotton-mill too."

The boys liked to go to mill with their grists. It was fun to see the big water-wheel splash and dash round and round, and watch the corn drop into the hopper, and hear the clapper, clapper, clapper of the grinding, and see the meal pouring. Besides, the old miller was a favorite. He did not talk much, to be sure; but he was a good listener, and almost always had the last word, if no other.

A new boy came one day with George Kent when he brought his grist. They called him Jake. He was no bigger, but some older, the old miller thought, who measured him with his eye under his well-powdered brows.

Jesse Stearns was sitting on a bag of meal with his book in his hand. The school-house was not far off, and the boys often visited the mill with their books as well as their bags.

"Studying, are ye?" cried Jake. "Well, I never liked schooling. My father wanted me to go to the academy. He wanted to make a scholar of me. He'd have spared no pains to make a scholar of me; but I had no notion of that, so catch me to try. I had the best of chance, they said, and might have done something in that line; but I'd no notion of it, not I. I'd rather go to sea."

"Water which runs at its own will
Is never known to turn a mill,"

said the old miller, who was busy tying up a bag of grits.

The boys looked round, but the word "sea" caught their attention. "Then you've been to sea," cried Abe Winslow, coming in from the door; "just where I want to go."

"To sea! Did you ever harpoon a whale, Jake?" asked Isaac. "Tell us about a shipwreck," said George. "Did you ever visit London and see the Tower and the Tunnel?" asked another boy.

"Well, I can't answer all at once," said Jake, well pleased at being noticed; "but I'll tell you what I did see. I saw a hundred vessels all at once catching fish on the Grand Banks. A hundred! Think of that. Myself was in one of them. It was awful foggy and squally down there, and we came nigh enough running afoul of each other. I got sick of it after two voyages, and though I might have risen to be captain—I had an uncle who was captain—it had too many steps up, and so I quit."

"Water which runs at its own will
Is never known to turn a mill,"

said the old miller from behind his hopper.

"The old fellow is for ever telling about his mill," said George in a laughing whisper. "Well, Jake, what next?" asked Jesse.

"Then father put me in a machine shop. But they pretty soon found out I was no mechanic. Besides, it was not much else but choring for the boss the first year, and that I did n't like."

"You'd rather boss yourself, had n't you, Jake?" said George.

"That's a fact," cried Jake, "and so I ran off."

"And turned up here," said Jesse, "to try your hand at farming. You must stick to it, and work like a Trojan, to have it turn to much account, father says."

"I don't know about that," said Jake.

"Water which runs at its own will
Is never known to turn a mill,"

said the old miller, who had kept his ears open. "Do you know what that means, youngsters?"

"Why, it means that water left to itself is not likely to grind corn or turn spindles," said Jesse.

"It means you must dam up your power to make it tell," cried George.

"It means, to my mind, that in order to accomplish any thing, you've got to stop and *work*, and no mistake," said Winslow.

"To my mind, it means we must have a *purpose*, and *clinch* it," said the other man.

Jake saw in a moment that the old miller was hitting him, and pretty soon he backed off the premises. The rest of the boys went to school, while he took his way up stream, where he sat down on the mossy bank. The water flowed smoothly here, but all the while it seemed to sing in his ear,

"Water which runs at its own will
Is never known to turn a mill,"

and it set him thinking. Ah, yes, it is quite true that merely following the natural bent of our inclinations will never make us wise, or good, or useful, or successful for this world; nor can any one, young or old, ever save his soul by quietly following the course of life and letting it drift him whither it will.

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

Maggie and her mother lived alone. No, not quite alone; Fido lived with them. Their cottage had only three rooms in it, for Maggie's mother was poor. She was rich in one thing; she had a good little daughter, which, I think, is a great possession. One forenoon she had to go out and leave the little girl by herself; the neighbor who often took care of her in her mother's absence was away. But no matter, I am sure Maggie can be trusted. Mother left her something to do. She was to pull up the weeds in one corner of the garden, and knit some on her stocking, and then play with Fido.

One thing her mother told her *not* to do—not to go out of the garden gate. Maggie let her mother out of the gate, and peeped through the slats to watch her going down the lane. Then she turned away, feeling very lonely. Fido pitied his little mistress. He licked her hand and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "Don't be sorry, mistress; I am here." Maggie loved the little fellow. She thought, however, work first and then play; so she went to weeding. That busied Maggie a good while. Pretty soon it grew hot, and she went into the house.

Just as she had cooled off and took up her knitting-work, the sound of carriage-wheels coming down the lane called Fido out to look. The carriage stopped at the cottage, and the lady called, "Maggie!"

Maggie knew the voice. It was the voice of a dear kind lady who took a great deal of interest in her and her mother. Maggie ran out to the gate. "Maggie," said the lady, "I have come to take

you to a flower show. Ask your mother, and put on your bonnet, and jump in with me."

How delightful to have a ride, and see a flower show too, though Maggie did not quite know what it was. "Mother's gone away," said the little girl.

"Never mind," said the lady, "you can slip on a clean dress, can you not, my dear? and do it quickly." Poor Maggie's face was very red; she looked troubled. The lady saw it. "What is the matter, my love?" she asked. "Mother told me not to go out of the garden gate," said Maggie sorrowfully. "She will let you go with me," said the lady. "Yes, I am sure she would," said Maggie, "and I should like to go ever so much, but—" "You are right, Maggie," said the lady, "you are right; but *obey mother;* yes, that is it. May God bless you, my dear child, and help you to resist every temptation as you have this. I shall come back again by and by."

The lady rode away, and Maggie was left alone again. Was she sorry, or cross, or disappointed? Not a bit. Maggie was so happy she wanted to sing; and Fido was so glad to see his mistress happy. What made Maggie happy there all alone by herself? Ah, my little ones, God made her happy because she had been faithful to his commandment—*obey;* and she was finding what every child will find, that in keeping his commandments there is *great reward*.

LITTLE FEET.

Little feet, so glad and gay,
Making music all the day,
Tripping merrily along,
Filling all my heart with song,
Well I love your music sweet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

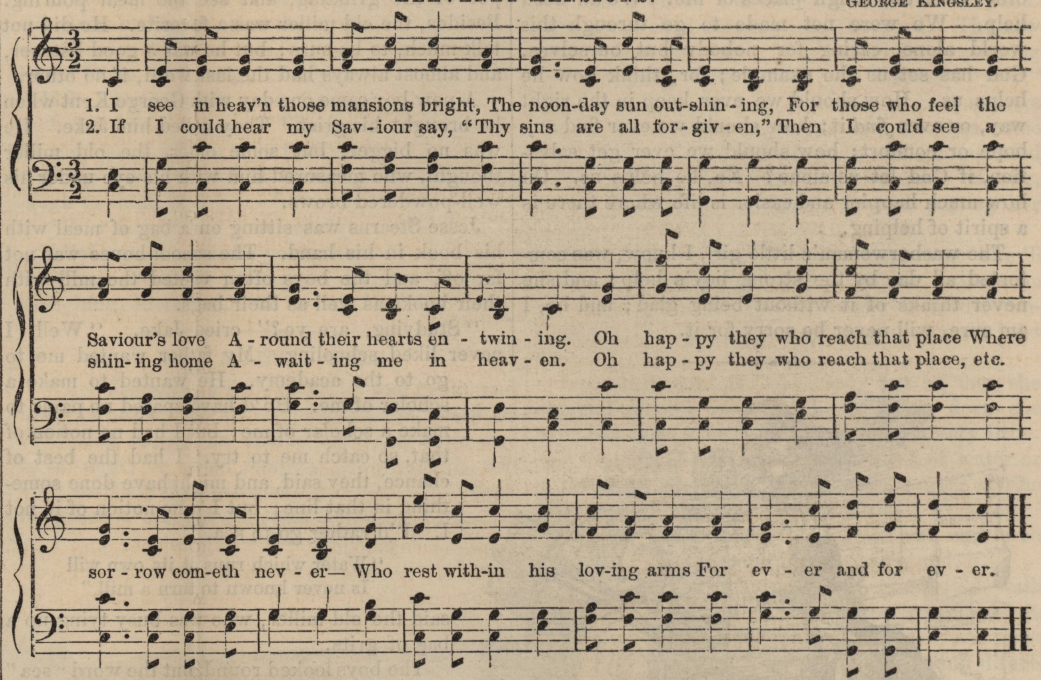
Sometimes anxious, I would know
Just what way these feet must go;
Praying oft that all be fair,
No thorns or roughness anywhere;
That flowers may spring their steps to greet—
Patter, patter, little feet.

But then I think that some have trod,
Through thorns and briars, nearer God;
Though weak in faith, still I would dare
To offer up the earnest prayer,
That Christ would choose whate'er is meet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

I press them in my hands at night,
And kiss them with a new delight,
Believing that, where'er they go,
My tender Lord will lead them, so
They 'll walk at length the golden street;
Patter, patter, little feet.

HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. I see in heav'n those mansions bright, The noon-day sun out-shin-ing, For those who feel the
2. If I could hear my Sav-iour say, "Thy sins are all for-giv-en," Then I could see a
Saviour's love A-round their hearts en-twin-ing. Oh hap-py they who reach that place Where
shin-ing home A-wait-ing me in heav-en. Oh hap-py they who reach that place, etc.
sor-row com-eth nev-er— Who rest with-in his lov-ing arms For ev-er and for ev-er.

3. Look how the children at his feet
Their tiny crowns are flinging,
While angels on their downy wings
The latest born are bringing.
Oh, happy they, etc.

4. Yes, I will love my Saviour now,
And serve him in life's morning;
For I can see the house on high
Of his own hand's adorning.
Oh, happy they, etc.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT THE DOCTOR HEARD THE RILLS SAY.

I have just been watching the little rills jumping and skipping merrily along, and it made me think of the talk a good doctor once had with some of them as he was travelling one day over the Alleghany mountains.

"What was it?" Well, he asked them where they were going so fast. "Oh," they said, "just down the mountain."

"And what are you going to do as you go down the mountain?" he asked. "Oh, we shall make friends with other little rills, and grow bigger," said they.

"And what will you do when you grow bigger?" "Oh, we shall turn saw-mills and grist-mills; and when we get down through all the rocks on the plains, we shall set some great iron factories and cotton-mills in motion."

"And what will you do then?" "Then? why, we shall make the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and when we are big enough we shall make the great Ohio."

"And what will you do when you get to be the great Ohio?" "Oh then we shall take on our backs great rafts and steam-boats and beautiful ships, and help build up all along beautiful towns and villages and cities."

"And what then?" "What then? Why, we shall unite our forces—for we do not mean to live by ourselves and for ourselves—with the great Missouri and Mississippi, and help them carry a thousand ships to the great ocean."

"What, you going to do all this, you little rills?" "Yes, sir, we are; and if you don't believe us, we can't stop to convince you of it, for we are in a hurry;" and off they ran on the jump.

If the little rills are going to do so much, what will not the children do, the boys and the girls who are growing bigger and stronger every day, and will by and by be felt for good or for evil in the world? Some who are bright and sparkling now, will, I am afraid, run into the first snug and sunny spot, and there *stay* until they dry up. An easy, selfish life, blessing nobody, at last shrinks to nothing. Others who are promising now, will, I am afraid, by and by be diverted from the right way, and turn off into dark channels, where they will be lost; and others, a great number of our dear boys and girls, I pray God, may grow up strong and good, to unite their forces with all good and noble work, to bless the places where they live, and make the nation better for their having lived in it.

For The Child's Paper.

A MINISTER once went to preach in a western village where there was no house of God. He preached in the school-house. A few people came, who did not seem to care much about God or his word. He preached a good many times; "and I had but *one* thing to encourage me," said the gentleman.

"What was it?" "It was the attention of *one* little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed trying to understand every word I said," answered the gentleman. "She was a *great help* to me."

What, can a little child be a great help to a minister? Yes, Oh yes. How? By *paying attention*. Think of that, my little ones, and when you go to church, fix your eye on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones, and said, "Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

WHEN you are tempted to tell a story against one of your playmates, first ask if the story is *true;* second, ask if it is *kind* to tell it; and third, ask if it is *necessary*. If you can govern your little tongue by these rules, it will stop a great deal of evil speaking, and make a good many people the happier for it.

WE all like to have the likeness of dear father and mother, of brothers and sisters, and our friends; and we love to look at them and show them, and we prize them dearly. There is one more likeness I want my dear little ones to have. It is very lovely. The likeness of your heavenly Friend Jesus Christ. And do you know where to keep it? In your heart. And if it is there, everybody will see it without your showing. It will show itself in all your disposition and character.

LITTLE Willie Ely gives a dollar to send The Child's Paper to poor little colored children. He likes the paper, and thinks they will, and that it will do them good.

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